Wm. Lloyd Garrison to his Wife and Children greeting:—

To-day, December 10th, 1861, he completes his 56th year; and, thanks to their affectionate remembrance, never has he had a birthday in which he was so well suited before. There are many, he is aware, out of his family,—and especially in the land of Secessia,—who would like to give him, on any day, "a good dressing," but not in the same sense, nor according to the same pattern. For example—they would ~~like~~ pleased to see him wearing a "coat of tar and feathers"; but this fine broadcloth one, he thinks, is much to be preferred, as a matter of fitness and comfort.

Come what may, however, he does not mean to play the "turn-coat," even though somebody has discovered that "one good turn deserves another." He cannot find words to express his love for his wife and children, and the amount of blessedness they have afforded him, because none such are to be found in any vocabulary; but he invokes upon them all whatever blessings Heaven may be able to bestow, and trusts that every succeeding birthday may find them steadily advancing in knowledge, goodness and truth, until clothed upon with the robes of immortal life.

The beautiful photographic volume presented by his dear Fanny and Franky is a precious token

of their loving regards. Its contents — "the counterfeit presentments" of those whom he loves, admires and honors — are of exceeding value, and will be cherished by him "till time shall be no longer."